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THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

A TRUE STORY.

[Continued.]

HAVING settled her plan of operations, and arranged her affairs so as to be able to receive what money and intelligence she wanted, through the channel of an old artful attorney who was entirely in her interest. She failed for England, with her son and Miss Morton, but without any other attendant, as she said she would take no servant till she came to where she would settle. They landed at Liverpool, and directly proceeded to a neat house with a beautiful garden, in one of the wildest glens in Cumberland, several miles from a post town, with a very small circle of neighbours; and which had been purchased for her by a correspondent of Mr. Webb's, the old attorney, who had also a friend in London who would receive and forward to the old lady whatever advices Mr. Webb might send; whilst their acquaintance in Ireland might thereby be led to believe she resided in the capital, and not in an obscure country place, three hundred miles distant.

The spot chosen for the residence of Mrs. Tyrrel was indeed very beautiful, but the situation was so obscure, that no person travelling that road could expect to find any thing so charming in such a spot. It was on the borders of Copeland-forest, in a deep glen between two high hills, on the edge of a large lake. It stood about six miles from the high road between Egremont and Whitehaven. As it was retired, it suited the purpose of Mrs. Tyrrel; and, as it was romantically rural, Miss Morton was charmed with it: the solitude soothed the melancholy that she had contracted on account of her father's death, and she dwelt there with an apathy that bordered upon content.

Lydia's aunt indeed had not her mind in so tranquil a state; she eagerly sought to hasten the completion of her wishes, lest any minister accident might prevent her designs. She laid closer siege every day to her niece, in her son's behalf, who on his part redoubled his assiduities: but they had the mortification to find that Lydia's indifference for young Tyrrel augmented in proportion to their endeavors to lessen it; and even approached to disgust. Disappointment foured more and more the temper of Mrs. Tyrrel, a temper not naturally sweet; and thinking she was under no necessity of dissimulation, she gave a loose to her vexation, and treated Lydia with great harshness and ill-humour.

The poor young lady had no friend to whom she could make her complaint, or unbosom the griefs that were hourly augmenting. The whole company that used to come occasionally to their house, and to whom Mrs. Tyrrel returned visits, were three sisters who lived at Calder-abbey, about ten miles distant. These were ladies of small fortunes and disagreeable persons, who having passed their youth in London, without attracting the regard of any man, or having had, either of them, one suitor, had joined their for-

tunes together, fled the metropolis in disgust, and having contracted an hatred for mankind, in return for the neglect they had shewn, had buried their shame, disgrace and ill-nature in the wilds of Cumberland.

Such females were not calculated to soothe the sorrows of Miss Morton, or to be her confidants. She had written to some young ladies, the companions of her happier and more cheerful days, but her letters had been intercepted, and no answers received. She had also written to her much esteemed Mr. Spencer, but as she had used some expressions of dissatisfaction in her letter, Mrs. Tyrrel (who found means to read every letter she sent, as no person carried them to the post-office at Egremont but Mr. Tyrrel) had suppressed it. Thus cut off from every comfort, and every means of consolation, and daily exposed to the importunities of her aunt and cousin Lydia experienced a life of continual uneasiness.

The approach of winter robbed the place of her residence of all its beauties, and rendered it wild, dreary, and comfortless. Lydia was then deprived of the pleasures of the garden and her rural walks, and began to lose her health as well as her spirits. At length an idea struck her that she would endeavor to escape from her persecution, and get to Whitehaven, from which she could easily procure a passage to Dublin, where she would put herself under the protection of Mr. Spencer, till she came of age, (according to her father's will) of which a full year was wanting. With this idea she pleased herself for some weeks, till an event happened that added effect to her resolves, and hastened the execution of them.

One day, just after dinner, she retired with her book; but had no sooner entered her chamber than she found she had got the wrong volume, one that she had already read; she knew the book she wanted was in Mrs. Tyrrel's closet, in her bed room, and thither she went to fetch it. Not finding it readily, she was obliged to search for some minutes: she had just found it, and was about to leave the closet, when she heard her aunt come into the chamber with her son, and immediately lock the room door; this constrained her to keep close in the closet, and even turn the key while she was on the inside.

"You was wrong, Charles, (said Mrs. Tyrrel, as soon as they were seated) to begin a discourse on such a subject below in the parlour; we might have been overheard by some of the servants, and Lydia might have come down suddenly: but now she is reading up in her room, and we are to ourselves. I am as impatient as you to have this business over."—"You don't seem so, madam, (replied her son) here are six months passed already in this cursed, melancholy hole, and I don't see we are the nearer to the point—the peevish girl seems to be more and more set against me; and neither your scolding pressing or arguing, nor my smoothness, have any good effect. Depend upon it, we shall never succeed this way."—"I believe not, (said Mrs. Tyrrel) she is too stubborn; but if one means won't do some others may; I agree we have lost too

much time already, we must make up for it, and not have all the trouble we have taken, you know how—thrown away. But I have already planned a scheme that must succeed, and that shortly too, you know, of late I have been particularly civil to parson Mowbray, the curate of Ennordale, our parish,—the man is poor, with a large family, and I have lent him ten guineas on his note. Now for ten more, and giving up that note, I am sure he will do any thing I desire.—"May be so, (answered the son) but pray what can he do; Lydia will not mind his persuasions any more than ours."—"I don't suppose the will, (returned Mrs. Tyrrel) I don't stand in need of his persuasions, I only want him to marry you; I can get him here any evening, and he will do the job in a few minutes, that will make us all easy."

"But you forget, madam, that the laws of this country are very severe against clandestine marriages; and parson Mowbray will not risque transportation for the sake of twenty guineas."

"I don't intend he shall run any risque.—That marriage can't be deemed clandestine, that is celebrated with the consent and in the presence of the guardian to one party, and the mother of the other; and has moreover the sanction of public bans. I have resolved that Mowbray shall publish the bans the next and the two succeeding Sundays,—we have only to contrive to keep the girl and servants at home on those days, and she will know nothing of the matter; for I'll take care she shall see nobody in the mean time who goes to the church. Then, on Sunday fortnight I'll bring the parson home with me to dinner, and in the evening he shall marry you both—and then fate do your worst."

"This is a most excellent scheme indeed, madam, (said Charles Tyrrel) but the worst of it is, after you have taken all those pains and precautions, I much fear you will not prevail on the perverse girl to consent and say I will, and you know we cannot force her if she remains stubborn."

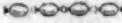
"Why, you blockhead! (replied his mother) if we can't force her, can't we drop a little laudanum in her coffee, that may make her insensible of what she does? and after you are married and bedded, when she recovers her senses next morning, she may rave and cry as much as she pleases; she will be legally married and can't help herself.—But come, now you know all is settled, come down to the parlour, for I expect the Misses Hammonds to tea." They instantly unlocked the door and went down.

Miss Morton had not lost one word of the discourse, she came softly out of the closet, and hastened to her chamber, that she might ponder on what she had so opportunely over heard.

She had now a convincing proof that her aunt would stick at nothing to gain her point. That she was totally in her power, without one friend or acquaintance to advise or protect her. She could make no confidant of any servant in the house. She resolved then to rely on Providence alone; and, thinking it quite innocent to meet artifice with prudence, when she went down to

tea she assumed an air rather more sprightly than usual. She resolved on her speedy escape, and as she foresaw she would be pursued as soon as she was missed, she thought it requisite to turn their suspicions to a contrary road from that she intended to take. For that purpose, her whole discourse that evening ran upon London, her eager desire to see that place, and a request to Mrs. Tyrrel that they might spend a few of the winter months there.—No, no, cousin, said Charles, no London; you may see several gay sparks there who you may prefer to me.—How do you know that? replied she, smiling—may be not, and who knows, Charles, when I do see other gay sparks, but you may profit by the comparison? She said this with so arch an air, that the old lady and her son brightened up, and the evening was spent with much more good humor than usual.

[To be continued.]



INTERESTING STORY.

[From a London Paper.]

THE following very extraordinary transaction, however improbable in its circumstances, is told at Naples as an undoubted fact; the person who narrates it, heard it there from those who themselves believed it:—If it is true, it shews the extreme remissness of the laws of that city.

Two men came at night to the house of a Physician, saying that a relation of theirs was extremely ill, and wanted his immediate assistance; they begged he would accompany them in their carriage, which was then waiting at the door—he accordingly got into it; and they had no sooner set off, than one of the men, produced a pistol, presented it to his breast, and insisted upon tying a handkerchief over his eyes, threatening him with instant death if he attempted an alarm. In this situation he continued in the carriage, which went at a considerable rate, for more than an hour, without his knowing to what part of the city he was going. At length it stopped, and he was conducted into a house, and led up stairs;—he was then told by the two men who had conducted him, that he must go into the next room, where he would find a girl, to whose existence, for reasons they could not disclose, they were determined to put an end; but as they wished it to be done with as little pain as possible, they ordered him instantly to open the veins both in her arms and legs.

The Physician, surprized at so extraordinary request, absolutely refused, telling them that he could not on any account consent to be an instrument of death to an innocent person. His remonstrances were however in vain, for they threatened him with instant death if he did not immediately obey their orders. He then saw how impossible it was to dissuade them from their horrid intention, but thought, that by appearing to consent to be the instrument of her destruction, he might be able to devise some means to rescue this unfortunate girl from her inhuman murderers. He therefore told them he was ready to execute their commands, and immediately the band was taken from his eyes.

He was then led to a room, into which he was shut, by these two men, who told him as they conducted him, that if the business was not completed in the space of five minutes, his own life should answer for it. At the further end of this room he discovered the unfortunate victim—her countenance plainly indicated how well convinced she was that the last period of her existence was approaching. As he walked up to her, she told him that she knew for what purpose he was

come; that she was perfectly resigned to her fate, for she knew her brothers to well to hope for mercy, and was convinced that all resistance was vain. “Are these your brothers?” said the Physician, “and what horrid crime can you have committed, to make them so bent upon your destruction?” “They are either my brothers themselves, (she replied) or two men employed by them, who conducted you to this house, and I will relate to you enough of my history, to convince you how little I have deserved the fate that awaits me. I am of a noble family in a distant part of the kingdom, and unfortunately have formed an attachment to a man whose only merit is, that his family is not so rich or so noble as my own; but I thought that the knowledge of the many virtues he possesses, would have overcome those obstacles, and asked the consent of my family to marry him. They absolutely refused—I loved him, however, too well, not to take every opportunity of seeing him, and I, perhaps imprudently, met him privately whenever it was possible. My brothers unfortunately discovered these interviews, and thinking that my death only could repair the dis-honour I have brought on my family, they have determined on my destruction.”

The Physician told her he had some hopes of being able to save her life—that he would open only the veins of her arms, and that with such small orifices, the blood itself would stop before she was exhausted, which might give him sufficient time to make his escape, and alarm the neighborhood. He proceeded to execute this part of his orders, and then told her she had neither acquainted him with her own name or that of the residence of her family. She replied, that she had purposely omitted both, that, if she died, a family which had never yet been accused of a dishonorable action, might not be disgraced by a discovery of having committed so foul a deed.—He urged her, however, to this disclosure; and while he was pressing her with various arguments to induce him to give her this information, the door was suddenly opened, and one of the men burst into the room, who seeing only the veins of her arms bleeding, presented a pistol to the Physician’s breast, threatening him with instant death if he did not immediately open those of the legs also. He was compelled to comply with this severe request, and opened the veins with the smallest orifices possible, still hoping that he might be able to rescue her before she bled to death.

The bandage was then tied over his eyes, and he was led down the stairs. As he descended he stained the wall of the stairs and the door with some blood which remained on his hands, by which means he thought he should be able to discover the house. He was again put into the carriage, and after going, as he conceived, a considerable distance, with various turnings and windings, he was set down at his own house, with the most horrid threats in case he ever attempted to discover where he had been. He, however, lost no time in giving the information, and the most diligent search possible was made through Naples and the environs; but to this day not the least traces have ever been discovered of the murderers.



FRENCH BARBARY.

THE REFINED CRUELTY OF THE SANS CULOTTES has lately been manifested in a striking point of view.—Some of their frigates have taken ten or twelve SCOTCH SHIPS, and most UNMERCIFULLY put the whole of their prisoners on board one of the captured vessels, and—sent them to SCOTLAND.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

RELIGION.

RELIGION is a generous, lively flame,
That brightens, not deforms, the human frame;
In the close covert of the heart it lies;
Blooms there, nor sterlly threatens in the eyes.
An unaffected ease its actions grace,
Known by the motions of the soul, not face.
No sour restraint, no forc’d concern it wears,
No bidden sighs, nor ostentatious tears;
No self-applauding shrugs, no censure, strife,
No spleen at all the blameless joys of life:
As wide from this are virtue’s native charms,
As settled courage from confus’d alarms,
As solid reason’s calm considerate train,
From the wild frenzies of a feverish brain.

Jan. 13.

ELIZA.



A KIND OF PETER PINDARIC ODE.

BY CHARLEY CHATTERBOX, Esquire.

CHARLEY agreeeth with St. PAUL, respecting
Ministers of the Gospel. Giveth sage advice.

THE avaricious often faith
That Ministers should live on faith;
But were St. PAUL on earth he’d stare at ye;
For, know, they cannot live on faith or hope,
Tho for a while these bear their spirits up,
For greater than both these is CHARITY.

A horse well fed you find will work the fatter,
A labouring ox will never thrive on air,
A cock crows better who is fed with care,
And so it happens with a pastor.

A pastor oft has teeth, like other men,
Which seem design’d to bite;
And for plumb pudding, turkey, beef, or hen,
He sometimes has an appetite.

His stomach brac’d with a warm, wholesome dinner,

He feels more bold to attack the full fed sinner,
’Twill give a plump a healthful face,
Which to the word adds dignity and grace;
But when lean, wan, starv’d lantern jaws shall speak,

The word, however strong, sounds weak.

Say you he can perform with little pains

The work, he has to do?

His business wears upon the brains,

And brains are now a days but few.

Hard is the faithful minister’s condition,
Stubborn the enemies, which he must fight,
Sin, impudence, and superstition,
And ignorance, and bigotry, and spite.

Or, is your minister a lazy drone?
Cares he for no one’s interest but his own?
Then let a halter stop his useles breath,
But—starve him not to death.

Is he a faithful labourer? does he treat
His flock on Sundays with the food of Heaven?
Then let drink, clothing, fire, and meat,
Tho small the payment for his toil be given.



THE COW.

AS Henry IV. was passing near the Thuilleries with his whole court, he met a woman driving a cow. “What will you take for your cow, Gossip?” said the king in a serious tone. She told him the price. “You ask me too much,” said he, “she is not worth that.” “No, but you don’t understand these matters, my good Sir,” said the woman; “you are not a cow-merchant.” You are mistaken, goody,” replied the king; “don’t you see all these CALVES that are following me?”

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 17.

TUESDAY last the Assembly passed a resolution (if the Senate concurred) that the Legislature would, on the 15th inst. adjourn to meet at the city of New-York, on Tuesday next. This resolution being sent to the Senate, in a few minutes after was agreed to by that house.

Last week the KEEL of one of the 44 gun frigates, to be built by order of Congress, was laid at the ship-yards, by Mr. CHEESEMAN, the master builder. She is to be commanded by Captain TALBOT.

The lower house of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, have disqualified the seats of the members from the four Western counties of that State, by a majority of 12 votes; the 15 votes of the members themselves having been included in the whole.

Extract of a letter from London, Oct. 23.

"We hope soon to have the pleasure of informing you that Mr. Jay's mission has been completed, as we understand from good authority, that the negociation has so far advanced, as only to require the finishing hand being put to it.

"The successes of the French on the side of Holland have been so great as to occasion much alarm, and to put all business in the United Provinces at a stand."

PARIS, October 18.

A Spanish ambassador has arrived here to make proposals of Peace in the name of his court. It is said negociations have actually commenced, and fully concluded, all but on article.

LONDON, November 6.

Three Dutch mails will be due to-morrow morning; and it is to be observed that the last, not bringing any letters or papers from Germany, has contributed considerably to the want of continental intelligence.

The 83d regiment of foot, commanded by Fitch, is ordered to be ready to embark for foreign service.

Medals have been struck in Paris, and forwarded to the French Generals of the Northern army, and of that of the Moselle, who have circulated them in the countries they are invading, representing the Genius of the French Republic leaning on an Urn, through which the Rhine is made to pass. On the top of the Médal is inscribed "The Rhine and Peace." At the bottom are engraved these words in Latin, *NE PLUS ULTRA:* (These are our boundaries.) The object of this Medal is to announce, that the French mean to push their conquests as far as the Rhine; and make this river serve as a boundary to their vast Empire, in all its windings, from Huningue to the seas.

It is certain that the French Admiral Neuilly sailed from France towards the end of September with six sail of the line, three frigates, and four transports, having six battalions on board. Some think, that this fleet is gone upon an expedition against the Cape of Good Hope; others for the West-Indies. It appears that our government has strong reason to think that its destination is St. Domingo, as vessels were instantly dispatched to our squadron on the Halifax station, and our other naval forces in the American Seas, with orders that they should all unite in the latitude of St. Domingo. The uneasiness excited by the above expedition is considerably lessened, on account of the insubordination that reigns on board the French ships, and the unskillfulness of the

sailors, taken from the Masses and among whom are very few mariners by profession.

VIENNA, October 22.

The reports of Peace being near at hand, increases our joy every moment. Monday and yesterday there was a conference of all the ministers, and it is said the subject was concerning peace; that they occupy themselves therewith very much, is beyond a doubt—Meanwhile the preparations for war continue with alacrity; whereby the old adage is confirmed. Who wants peace prepares for war.

POSEN, October 25.

Of the battle between Kosciusko and the Russians, on the 10th inst. we have yet only the following particulars:

The battle lasted from 7 o'clock in the morning till 12 at noon. Kosciusko shewed much greatness of mind: He was constantly in the midst of the fire: Three horses were killed under him; with the first he fell into a morass.—The loss of the Russians is estimated at 1000 men.

ARNAHEIM, October 20.

Every thing is in confusion at Nimeguen.—The French succeeded in passing the Meuse in small boats without being observed by the English. They then pretended to be Hussars of Rohan, and attacked an English battalion near Drughen, which they cut to pieces, so that no man escaped. Three thousand of the French were this morning as far as Benning, one league and a quarter from Nimeguen. The English army having received some reinforcement, both parties began an engagement which lasted till eleven o'clock. The cannonade then ceased, and every one thought the French had been expelled from that neighborhood, but at half past one the combat was renewed with fresh vigor, and every body fled from the city.

The Baggage of the English army is at present between Arnhem and Nimeguen, and stops the communication between those two cities. A whole squadron of red French Hussars were thrown off a dam and cut to pieces.

S H I P N E W S.

Arrivals since our last.

Ship Ann, Coffin,	Lymington
Star, ———	Hamburg.
Brig Cruger, King,	Amsterdam, 84 days
Betsey, Rhoden,	St. Johns
Union, Lismore,	Bristol.
Congress, King,	Amsterdam.
Marietta, Hulda, Hicks,	New Orleans
Schooner Hannah, Murray,	Petersburgh
Lucy, Harding,	Martinique
Sloop Nancy, Baldwin,	Turks-Island
Pell, Denison,	New Orleans
Dolphin, Clark,	Antigua

The Ruby, Kellick, from New-York to Cork, foundered at sea on the 12th of October; the crew are saved in the Abbey, Yates, arrived at Liverpool.

The George and Betsey, M'Faul, from New-York to Cork, foundered at sea, crew saved.

Newberryport, Dec. 30.

Capt. George Nowel, from England, on the 30th October, in lat. 43° long. 14° 35' W. from London, spoke the schooner Helen, John Crawfis, master, of Bolton, from Baltimore, bound to Lisbon, but was captured by a French Privateer, off the Western Island, and after taking the men out of the schooner, manned her with Frenchmen, and ordered them to proceed to Bordeaux. They informed Capt. Nowell they had orders to take all American vessels bound to an enemy's port.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED

On Saturday the 10th inst. at St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, by the Right Rev. William White, the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH PILMORE, Rector of Christ Church in this city, to the amiable Mrs. Wood, of that place.

"Ye virtuous pair, whom on this happy day,
To Heav'n your mutual vows did solemn pay;
May each succeeding morn fresh pleasures bring
May love increase, while Time is on the wing.
May ev'ry heartfelt joy which Love befalls,
Supreme be yours—till life's great scene shall close.

And when that awful period shall draw near,
Which virtue shall rejoice at, vice shall fear;
When worlds around you blaze with dreadful
light,
And all heav'n's glories strike the altowish'd fight
Secure you'll stand—nor need you fear your end,
The Judge himself's your Saviour, and your friend!

In clouds caught up, his love you'll both adore,
And roll in joys from which you'll part no more."

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. WILLIAM LORD, to Miss ANN COOK, both of Fairfield, (Connecticut.)

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. JOHN FOWLER, to Miss JANE SMITH, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. RICHARD SOLOMONS, to Miss BETSEY BURRIS, both of this city.

T H E A T R E.

BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

(BY DESIRE.)

On MONDAY EVENING, January 19.

Will be Presented, A COMEDY, called,

N O T O R I E T Y.

End of the PLAY, Mr. SOLOMON will sing,

"HEAVING THE ANCHOR SHORT."

To which will be added, a MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, in two Acts, Called, The

Children in the Wood.

Box 8s. Pit 6s. Gallery 4s.

Places in the Boxes may be had of Mr Faulkner, at the Box-Office from Ten to Twelve, A. M. and on the Days of Performance from Three to Five P. M. where also Tickets may be had, and at Mr. Gaine's Book-Store, Pearl-Street. The Doors will be opened a Quarter after Five, and the Curtain drawn up precisely a Quarter after six o'clock.

Ladies and Gentlemen will please to send their servants at 5 o'clock to keep places.

VIVAT REPUBLICA.

WANTED in a small family, (where the work is light) a Young Woman of good character, and who can bring good recommendations.—Enquire of the Printer. 48 tf

WANTS A PLACE,

A Young Woman, who can be well recommended, she would have no objections to assist in the light work of a family—Enquire of the Printer.

New-York, January 17, 1795.

49—t.f.

Court of Apollo.

NINETEENTH ODE OF ANACREON.

THE earth's a drunkard we all know,
And so are all the trees that grow,
And if philosophers say true,
The very air will tipple too:
The sea long since has got its dose,
And see how Sol has fir'd his nose!
The man i'th' moon has glost'd his snout;
And thus all nature drinks about.
Then why, my friends so very tart,
If I can't do without my quart.

A N E C D O T E .

A Witch, being at the stake to be burnt, saw her son there, and desired him to give her some drink: No, mother, said he, it will do you wrong, for the drier you are, the better you'll burn.

UNITED STATES L O T T E R Y , For the improvement of the City of WASHINGTON,

WILL commence drawing in a very few weeks: Tickets may be had by applying at D. DUNHAM's Store, No. 26, Moore-Street, near the Elizabeth-Town Ferry, New-York; where Tickets in the last and present Lottery will be carefully examined and Prizes paid.

And a scheme of the Patterson Lottery for establishing useful Manufactures, may be seen by applying as above.

N. B. Specie given for Jersey Money. 41 1/2

E D U C A T I O N .

THE Subscriber teaches, at No. 91, Bookman street, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Geography, Mathematics, and the Latin and Greek languages, in their various branches, according to the present mode of instruction, in the first literary institutions in the United States. Classes in the languages are two, at present, and another about to be formed; that scholars of any standing, may be accommodated with class-mates.

JOHN COFFIN.

New-York, January 10, 1795.

48—tf

C A S T E L L I , Italian Stay Maker.

No. 134, Broad-Way, opposite the City Tavern, RETURNS his sincere thanks to the Ladies of this city, for the great encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors by due attention, and the strictest punctuality. He continues to make all sorts of stays, Italian shapes, French corset, English stays, silk turn stays, sucking stays, riding stays in the most elegant and newest fashions.

N. B. He has a neat assortment of stays ready made, and ladies may be served in less than ten minutes. He has also received by the last vessels from London, an elegant assortment of goods suitable to his business.

Nov. 22. 41—tf

E D U C A T I O N .

A N Evening School for young ladies, will be opened at 178, William-street, a few doors beyond the North Church, on Monday the 5th of January.

January 3, 1795.

T W O APPRENTICES

WANTING to the Book Binding Business.—Enquire at No. 75, John-street.

WHEREAS John Christopher Ehninger, of the city of New-York, distiller, for the securing the payment of two hundred and thirty-three pounds sixteen shillings, current money of New-York, with lawful interest for the same, on or before the thirtieth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine; according to the condition of a certain bond or obligation, bearing date the thirtieth of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty eight; and executed by the said John Christopher Ehninger, unto Jacob Watson, of the said city, merchant; did by Indenture, bearing even date with the said Bond; Mortgage to the said Jacob Watson, in fee all that certain lot or parcel of ground situate, lying and being in the outward of the city of New-York, near the fresh water; and known and distinguished in a certain map or chart thereof, made by Evert Bunker, jun. among other lots, by the number one hundred and seventeen, bounded northerly by in front by Cross-street, southerly in the rear by lot one hundred and twelve, late of John Kingston, easterly by lots numbered from one hundred and six to one hundred and eleven, late of Michael Hufnagle; and westerly by lot number one hundred and eighteen, belonging to the said John Christopher Ehninger, containing in front and rear twenty-five feet, and in length on each side, one hundred and fifty feet; together with all and singular the buildings, edifices, easements, rights, members, advantages, hereditaments and appurtenances whatsoever to the said premises belonging or any wife appertaining.

AND whereas the said John Christopher Ehninger, and Catharine his wife, for securing the payment of two hundred and forty-six pounds thirteen shillings and three pence, current money of New-York, with lawful interest, according to the condition of a certain Bond or Obligation, bearing date the 31st day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine; and executed by the said John Christopher Ehninger, unto the said Jacob Watson, of the said city, merchant; did by Indenture, bearing date the said thirty-first day of October, in the year aforesaid; Mortgage to the said Jacob Watson, in fee, all that certain dwelling house and two lots or parcels of ground, situate, lying and being in the outward of the city of New-York, near the fresh water; bounded easterly by ground late of Michael Hufnagle, southerly by ground late of John Kingston, westerly by lot number 119, late belonging to the said John Kingston, and northerly by Cross-street, containing in breadth in front and rear 50 feet, and in length on each side 150 feet; together with all and singular the rights, members and appurtenances to the same belonging or any wife appertaining.

AND, whereas the said John Christopher Ehninger and Catharine his wife, for securing the payment of One Hundred and fifty-seven pounds fifteen shillings and seven pence of like money with lawful interest according to the condition of a certain bond or obligation bearing date the ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety-One, and executed by the said John Christopher Ehninger unto Oliver Hull and John Hull, of the said city, Druggists, did by Indenture, bearing date the ninth day of December, in the year aforesaid, mortgage to the said Oliver Hull and John Hull, the same dwelling house and two Lots of ground, herein before mentioned and described. And whereas the said Oliver Hull and John Hull, in, and by a certain instrument in writing indorse on the said last mentioned mortgage, did, for the consideration therein mentioned, bargain, sell,

assign, and set over the said last mentioned bond and mortgage unto the said Jacob Watson. And whereas in and by the said three Indentures, it was covenanted and agreed that in case default should be made in the payment of the said sums of money, in the conditions of the said three bonds mentioned, then it should, and might be lawful to, and for the said Jacob Watson and the said Oliver Hull and John Hull their Heirs and assigns at any time thereafter to sell the said premises at public sale, agreeable to a Law of the state of New-York, and out of the said money arising from such sale to retain the said three sums of money with the interest, together with the costs and charges of such sale, rendering the overplus, if any to the said John Christopher Ehninger, his Heirs, Executors, or administrators, which sale should for ever thereafter be a perpetual bar in law or equity against the said John Christopher Ehninger, his heirs and assigns; and all persons claiming under him of all equity, of all redemption of, in and to the said premises. AND Whereas the said three sums of money and the interest thereof are now due, and owing to the said Jacob Watson. This is therefore to give Notice to the said John Christopher Ehninger, and Catharine his wife; and all other persons concerned, that unless the said sums of money, together with the interest due thereon as aforesaid, are paid, discharged, and satisfied on or before the 19th day of June next ensuing the date hereof. All and singular the Mortgaged premises aforesaid, will be sold at Public Vendue at the Tortine Coffee-House, in the city of New-York, on the said 19th day of June next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to the covenants and agreements in the said Indentures of Mortgages contained, and the directions of the statute in such cases made and provided. Dated the 13th of December, 1794. 44. 6m.

N O T I C E .

B Y order of Benjamin Coe, Esquire, first judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Queens-County, in the state of New-York.

NOTICE is hereby given to John Van Lew, late of Flushing, in the County of Queens, and State of New-York, an absent debtor, and all others whom it may concern, that, on application and due proof made to him, the said Judge, pursuant to the directions of the Law of the State of New-York, entitled, "An act for relief against absconding and absent debtors;" passed the 4th day of April, in the year 1786, He hath directed all the Estate, real and personal, within the County of Queens, of the said John Van Lew, an absent debtor, to be seized, and that unless the said John Van Lew doth discharge his debts within one year after this Public Notice of such seizure all his Estate, real and personal, will be sold for the payment and satisfaction of his creditors.

Queens-County, March 22, 1794.

1y.

GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBER AND PEWTERER,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has removed from No. 4 to No. 284, Water-street, between Peck and New-slips, where he still continues to carry on his business as usual: viz. making of house leads and scuppers, head and mid-slap pumps, lining of cisterns, gutters, &c. He also makes pewter distill worms, suitable for stills from 10 to 3000 gallons; likewise manufactures spoons and candle moulds of every size, where the public may be supplied in any quantity, and on as reasonable terms as any of his branch of business in New-York.

Dec. 13.

44—6w

The Weekly Museum.

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THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE. A TRUE STORY.

[Continued.]

STILL, however, Lydia kept up the conversation about London, and minutely enquired the road to it, setting down in her pocket-book the several towns she must pass through, the rates of post chaises, and where they were to be had,

When Lydia retired to her chamber she seriously began to think of making her escape, and as she knew she should not go to church with her aunt the next Sunday: and that they were invited to dine with the Misses Hammonds at Calder-Abbey, she resolved that should be the day of her elopement.

The wished for Sunday came, and Lydia saw her aunt and young Tyrrel depart for church in the carriage. She had offered with some earnestness to accompany them; but Mrs. Tyrrel with much seeming affection dissuaded her; saying, as she had been much incommoded with the head-ach, for some days past; and the weather was cold (for it was a frosty day in the month of February) she would not take her out; lest the journey would make her worse. Adding, that after church, they would go and dine at Calder-Abbey, and return soon in the evening.

They had no sooner set out but Miss Morton prepared for her escape of the three servants who were left in the house she had given two of them leave to visit their friends in the neighborhood; and only an old woman, the cook, remained at home. She had previously sewed about thirty guineas in the plait of her petticoat, leaving three and some silver in her pocket, and having given directions for dinner, told the cook she would walk to see a poor sick woman who lived in Copeland Forest, about a mile distance. She put one of her plainest gowns, and her ordinary hat; and quitting the house recommended herself to the care of Providence; lamenting that the heiress of a plentiful fortune should be reduced to such an extremity.

She had made herself thoroughly acquainted with the road to Whitehaven, and hoped to reach it before night; but she had not considered that she must pass through Ennordale where her aunt was at church; and that thereby she ran a risk of being seen. This circumstance, when it occurred to her mind, staggered her much.—If she continued the high road she must pass by the church, and though her aunt and most of the neighboring people might be in it, yet the carriage must be there in waiting; and the coachman might see her; besides in country places there is always a number of stragglers and idle people loitering in the village on a Sunday. If she left the high road for the field paths she was equally fearful of meeting people who might know her, and though none of them would stop or molest, yet they might innocently give information which way she had gone, and she might be overtaken by her persecutors. It was equally hazardous to stop at any cottage on the road till

the morrow. She knew she must be missed at night, and her flight might occasion a pursuit on every side. However the die was thrown and she must abide by the cast. Gathering boldness from her fear, she tucked up her gown, pulled her hat over her face, tying it down with her handkerchief, and reached the village just as the people were coming out of church: she held down her head, mixed with the throng; and had the satisfaction to see at a distance her aunt's carriage drive on the road to Calder-Abbey. She then set forward with redoubled haste, and about sun-set saw a town before her, which she entered with great satisfaction; but to her great mortification found, in her perturbed state of mind, a quitting the village she had taken the wrong road, and that she was come to the town of Egremont instead of Whitehaven. She was so confounded she knew not on what to resolve: after the fatigue of the day, during which she had taken no kind of refreshment, it was impossible for her to walk to Whitehaven, a distance of nine miles: for though it was not more than five o'clock, it was dark, and she might stray still more. She pondered a while, and then took the resolution of lodging in Egremont that night, and proceeding next day by the earliest dawn to her desired port. She hoped that when she was missed, the pursuit would be rather toward London than elsewhere. She therefore addressed a neat, elderly woman she saw at the door of a clean small house, and asked if she could furnish her with a bed for that night, as she was a young woman going to her mother at Whitehaven, who was just come from Ireland to meet her, they being both of that country. The mistress of the house, who was also an Irish woman, received her with her natural warmth; got her every refreshment, and made her heartily welcome: being only a little troublesome by her inquisitiveness, which Lydia answered or evaded the best she could; and urging her weariness, retired to bed.

She slept little, and when she arose in the morning found herself rather fatigued than refreshed. However, having amply rewarded her landlady, Lydia departed at day break, and pursued her journey. But she had not gone above three miles, when, from the anxiety of her mind she found herself so sick and faint, that she could walk no farther, and she sat down on a bank by the road side. Her weakness increasing she actually fainted, and lay for some time, when she was roused, by feeling herself lifted up by some body. She turned her eyes and beheld an honest-looking countryman who was raising her from the ground, and before her stood a waggoner with the road waggon that he had stop'd. It was going from London to Whitehaven loaded with goods for that town; and the driver having seen her laying on the bank, had humanely stopped and called to a countryman who was in the waggon to come and assist him to get her into the vehicle. When she was a little recovered, she thanked them for their kindness, and as the carriage going to the place she wanted to be at, she agreed to give a crown for her passage there, thinking at the same time, that if she should be

pursued, as she could never be suspected to be in a waggon, no search therein would be made for her, and she should also be screened from the sight of any person on the road. The waggoner told her, that as for the crown she offered, to be sure, if she could spare it, he would have no objection, but that she should be welcome to a place in it if she had not a farthing, and that as he should bait his horses about a mile farther, at a very honest, though poor house on the road, she might refresh herself with tea, or wine if she pleased. Lydia was placed in the waggon, and the slowness of its motion speedily recovered her, especially as her mind became more at ease. She got some tea at the road inn, and arrived safe at Whitehaven about four o'clock; she put up at a lodging house, and waited with impatience for the next evening, when a coal ship was to sail for Dublin.

But leaving Lydia in safety, though still in fear, let us return to Mrs. Tyrrel's house, which was in some confusion when Miss Morton did not return to dinner. The old cook was greatly surprised not to see the young lady come home at the expected time. She sent a boy that lived near to the house of the sick woman, to which Lydia said she was going, but she had not been there: The man and the maid to whom she had given permission to visit their friends returned at six o'clock, and at the desire of the old cook enquired for Miss Morton at every house for three miles round; and were just returned from a fruitless search, when Mrs. Tyrrel and her son came home from their visit to Calder-Abbey, having had the banns of marriage published for the first time in Ennordale church. On receiving the news that Miss Morton had left the house at nine in the morning and had not since been seen, their consternation was not to be described. As they were ignorant that she overheard their discourse, and thereby discovered their scheme, they could hardly think she had meditated an escape: they knew she had little or no acquaintance in the vicinage to whom she could fly; they were certain she had not gone to Calder-Abbey, as they had not left it long. Mrs. Tyrrel examined Lydia's chamber, but no cloaths, no linen were missing and she little thought Miss Morton would undertake any journey totally unimproved with changes of apparel. At length Charles Tyrrel recollecting her particular enquiries of the road and manner of getting carriages to London declared she must have gone thither. Yet how could she go without cloaths to a place where she had never been; where she knew nobody, nor had any acquaintance to receive her. They were bewildered in conjectures, however he resolved next morning to proceed on the London road, and enquire if he could trace her by going to every inn where coaches and postchaises were to be procured; and accordingly early on Monday he mounted his horse and set out.

Mrs. Tyrrel on the other hand sent messengers on the roads to Cockermouth, Keswick, Egremont and Whitehaven, not that she had much reason to believe she had gone to either of these